

The Greene County Republican.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL, WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

VOL. X.

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1866.

NO. 2.

The Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two dollars a year, payable in advance. One dollar for six months, payable in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cts. a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square.)

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W. E. GAPEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Office—In N. Clark's building, feb 10/66

MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office at the "Wright House," East door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg, Pa. Oct 26, 1862.—14

R. W. DOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in Leitch's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Nov. 4, 1865.—14

WYLY & BUCHANAN
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the old Bank Building, Waynesburg, Pa.
February 23, 1862.—14

T. W. ROSS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office in Jewell's building, West end of Main street, Waynesburg, Pa. apt. 14

T. P. MITCHELL,
Shoemaker!
Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

Prepared to do stitching and pegged work, from the coarsest to the finest; also, puts up the latest style of Boots and Shoes. Cobbling done on reasonable terms. May 2, 1866.

W. H. HUFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ROOM IN BEAUCHAMPEL'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.

WORK made to order, in finest and best style. Clothing cut and made promptly, and according to latest fashion plates. Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, 1866.

Wm. Bailey,
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WRIGHT HOUSE.

KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. apt. 17

DENTISTRY.
TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!
DR. S. S. PATTON informs the public that after February 1st, 1864, he will be at Waynesburg, when his dental services will be tendered to any and all making application.

He is now extracting teeth positively without pain, and his new process in perfecting, and restoring decayed ones to soundness. He invites all who are suffering from diseased teeth to come and have their aches relieved, and their mouths filled with gold.
January 26, 1864.—14

N. G. HUGHES,
SADDLERY AND HARNESS MAKER,
Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

READY made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class workmen he is prepared to execute all orders in the neatest and best style. May 2, 1866.

THIRST NO MORE!
GO TO
"Joe" Turner's

HE HAS JUST OPENED A
NEW SALOON!!

Keeps Good Red Whiskey, Brandy of all kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale, &c. And has the wherewithal to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Lane.
apr 25—6m

**Whiskers
FORCED TO GROW
On the Smoothest Face!**
BY
CHARLES HICKEY,
No. 5, Campbell's Row,
and 30/65—
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Valuable Recipes for sale.
The following recipes can be had by calling on or addressing the undersigned:
Hair Dye, No. 1, for \$7.
Hair Dye, No. 2, Stimulating! Ointment, Hair Restorer, Hair Restorer, Cure for Pimples and Blisters, Remedy for Freckles and Tan, all for \$5.
These recipes are as good as any in use anywhere.
THOS. FERRELL
Waynesburg, Pa.

"MY POLICY!"

SCATHING ANALYSIS OF THE
"PRESIDENT'S PLAN!"
MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON'S LECTURE!

One of the largest and most intelligent audiences of the season assembled at the Academy of Music last evening to listen to Miss A. E. Dickinson's fine address, known as "My Policy." Miss Dickinson came upon the stage at a quarter past 8 o'clock, her appearance being the sign of prolonged and enthusiastic cheers. Mr. C. H. Nodless, in simple and appropriate language, introduced her to the audience. Miss Dickinson spoke with more than ordinary fervor, and was frequently interrupted with bursts of loud applause. She had a thoroughly appreciative audience, and her address, in every respect a most successful one, was the subject of hearty congratulations among her numerous friends and admirers. We herewith publish her speech in full:—

"Monsieur D Conway somewhere tells the story of a young cavalier, who at a ball became enamored of a mask—He followed her from group to group, from room to room, the mask still eluding his pursuit, till alone, far from the music, the light, and the crowd, in a dark and solitary chamber, he unmasked his with a kiss, discovering something, what his quivering lips never could be brought to describe, but a creature not of flesh and blood, and unutterably loathsome to behold.

So, twelve months ago, in the midst of the music of triumph, and glare of victory, this gay young cavalier of a nation stood enamored of a mask, which he endeavored to clasp in its arms and hold as its best beloved. It followed this mask, whithersoever it fled till away from the light, the triumph and rejoicing of victory—away in the gathering gloom of doubt and fear, and forbidding the mask has fallen from the face in the White House, revealing something so terrible and hideous that our lips fail to describe what our eyes are compelled to behold.

Twelve months ago, a man standing on the grave of a martyred President, stepped to his place and assumed his power. A nation bowed to the earth with unutterable grief, listened through its sobs, and watched through its tears, while this man gave to it and the world a promise of his future career.

A promise to annihilate Rebellion, uproot treason, and bring to swift judgment conscious and leading traitors.

A promise to maintain the policy of his illustrious predecessor, which policy was to bestow amnesty on the masses of white Rebel, and suffrage on the masses of loyal blacks.

A promise that loyalty should be honored and treason made odious.

A promise that so far as he was concerned, all men should have a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life.

A promise that merit should be rewarded without regard to color.

A promise that traitors should take back seats in the new Union circle, and that loyal men whether white or black, should control its destinies.

A promise that the cause of the people should be upheld against their oppressors—against the spirit of caste, aristocracy and slavery.

A promise that justice should be established, equality secured, and freedom maintained.

How have these promises been kept? Shall we answer? There is a French proverb to the effect, "When the saint's day is over—farewell the saint."

I charge this man with the breaking of every promise, the non-fulfillment of every pledge, the falsifying of every declaration he at that time made.

I charge him with betrayal of trust, with degradation of office, with desecration of power.

I charge him as an enemy alike of his party, his country, and his God.

What has he given us in exchange for these promises, these pledges, and these oaths? Has his step kept step with the march of the people? Has his heart and conscience been enlightened yet further with the heat and conscience of the nation? Has he advanced with the onward sweep of the republic? In brief has he given us something higher, nobler, and better in exchange for that he offered us a twelvemonth ago? Let the grief of his friends and the rejoicing of his foes answer. Let the insolence of

Rebels and the mourning of loyalists answer. Let the renewed spirit of treason South, and the outraged indignation of the North, answer. Let the President himself answer, as he tells us that in exchange for all this he has given us that a venal and rotten thing—"My Policy."

It is useless now to recapitulate the acts of almost a year ago—useless to speak of the steady growing doubt and pain of the people through the months of the summer and autumn following his elevation to power. Yet it was those acts of his, his course at that time, that laid strong the foundations and made secure the corner stone upon which was prepared the edifice that threatens the welfare, security, and even the hate of the nation to-day.

Had we not then withheld our hands, his hands would have been powerless for evil. Had we not said, "Wait," he would have had time to consummate his iniquity. Had we not slept with the harvest of the war under our care, the enemy could not have stolen in and sowed tares. Sleep! My friends we are awake now!

Said one to Cromwell, while he was fighting for the liberty of all England, "If thou wert to meet the King in battle what wouldst thou do?" "If the King should meet me in battle," was the reply "I should kill the King." Because I believe the President of the republic to-day to be the greatest enemy of the republic, I would have him politically so slain that for him there should be neither need of prayer nor hope of resurrection. Politically I say, physically, he need have no fear. It is his old foes, not his old friends, the party to which he has gone not that from which he has deserted, that breeds murderers and fights with the weapon of assassination—a weapon not to be used on so faithful and devoted a servant.

Andrew Johnson has declared, "He who is not for me is against me; he who supports my policy is my friend, he who opposes it is my enemy." If this were all, it would be little indeed, but he has declared further, "He is a Union man who sustains my Union restoration policy, and none other." It behoves us then to look to this policy, standing as the touchstone by which every man's loyalty in the land is to be tested to-day.

Months, nay years ago, Congress passed a confiscation act by which leading traitors should be compelled to repay somewhat to the nation of the losses they had entailed on it through the war. A confiscation act which Andrew Johnson declared to be too lenient and tender by half. Leading and conscious traitors must be punished, said he, their hands taken away, their social power broken. The land thus confiscated titled by the freemen, enriched by their toil, more valuable than when they fell into our hands, Andrew Johnson has restored to their old Rebel owners—a premium set on treason by giving more than was taken away.

"No man shall be qualified for power, nor be able to take oath of office, who is not also able to take the oath of present and past loyalty to the United States," said Congress. "Who is to do this work of restoration? Certainly not the Rebels who have fought, or those who have given aid or influence to the Rebel cause," responded the President—then ran with swift feet to appoint Perry and Johnson, S. M. McKim and Marvin. Governors, Judges, Collectors, officials, innumerable—not one of whom could take the oath, nor stand the test Congress and himself had prescribed.

"Treason is the greatest of crimes and must receive the greatest of punishments," said Andrew Johnson. Three days thereafter came the declaration, "The first bill is more than a year of time to stand, it endures for a year after the close of the war, and the war is not yet ended. I have not yet made an official declaration of peace."

We are at war—we are at peace. I have not yet declared closed—peace—war—peace—as suits the whim of policy or the President. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"—cried a President.

"I am afraid the Constitution will be trampled on; it declares that a criminal shall be tried by a jury of his peers in the district in which the crime is committed. This bill is in defiance of such position."

The President knows better than most to the individual is cruelty to the State. Thus said Andy Johnson a year ago; then pardoned all, save a few executors, issued pardons for the expected till

they count by thousands. Pardons in such numbers that the Executive arm was too weak, or unsteady—which was it?—to sign his name thereto, and a stamp was used instead. Pardons so liberal that counterfeiters and criminals in the North rejoiced thereat, and men who never existed received absolution for crimes that they had never performed.

He is the loyalist, says the President, who assents to such acts as these—his is the traitor who opposes them. Let the whole North cry, as one man, "I denounce them, I oppose them; I do my utmost to counteract their evil effects; and, if this be treason, make the most of it."

But the President's policy which is to stand as the test of loyalty, has found other developments than these—developments so rare so strange, so marvellous—

"That we who behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise."

Developments in the shape of speeches so lofty, and State papers so just, that the good taste, intelligence, the loyalty, and morality of the world are alike astounded thereby.

Speeches, characterized by so delicate a modesty, so fine a humanity, by such an utter absence of self, by so complete an ignoring of the upright vowel that standeth in the alphabet between H and J, that it seems cruel, not to say brutal, to even mention Andrew Johnson in connection therewith.

Speeches so grammatically correct, so choice in words, so elegant in diction, so keen in invective, so delicate in sarcasm, so exquisite in rhetoric, so sublime in eloquence, that it betokens hardness indeed in the man—not to say woman—who would dare essay to criticize them.

Speeches so elevated in tone, so faithful in principle, so devoted to truth, so grateful to the party that made, so denunciatory to the party that opposed him, so tender to old friends, so merciful to old foes, so marked in appreciation of character, so statesmanlike in statements, so courteous to the people and their representatives, so appreciative of his own and their high offices, so noble and beautiful, that they will henceforth stand unapproachable and alone—Words of mine fail to do them justice. Let silence, then, express the appreciation which language is inadequate to convey.

I do not intend to go into any extended discussion of the famous vetoes of two of the most important bills ever passed by congress. The statements used therein are so obtrusively false, and have been so over-heavily related, the arguments are so manifestly weak, and have been so repeatedly destroyed, that it seems useless to devote further time to them.

Andrew Johnson probably know better than any other man why he gave his assent to the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, before it had passed to ordeal of Congress, and rejected the same bill when it came up to him for final decision.

Was not every objectionable feature of the bill as plain before him when it was read to him slowly, clause by clause by Generals Howard and Fiske, as when it lay on his table under his eye, an act of Congress? "But that bill through Congress and it shall immediately receive my signature," said he to the one—I reject the Bill and withhold my name from it," said he to the other.

"It is a war measure and we are at peace. It can only be tolerated as a military necessity, and the war is ended." Three days thereafter came the declaration, "The first bill is more than a year of time to stand, it endures for a year after the close of the war, and the war is not yet ended. I have not yet made an official declaration of peace."

We are at war—we are at peace. I have not yet declared closed—peace—war—peace—as suits the whim of policy or the President. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"—cried a President.

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in establishing laws and their forms in places where all law has for a generation been persistently overthrown.

"I demand that every man be tried by a jury of his peers," says this bill. "I stand on the everlasting foundations of the Constitution itself. Until this plain provision of law and justice is complied with, I shall stand between the people, four millions of people, and the unjust and illegal oppressions of unconstitutionality and wicked men."

Ah, but the expense! the expense! the frightful expenditure! \$11,745,000 called for! \$12,000,000 for the nation to spend for freedom and justice seems to me but a slight offset to the \$145,000,000 spent in the past to introduce slavery into the single state of Texas. Andrew Johnson did not object to that—his sense of economy has largely increased since 1846. They say, however, that people grow mean and mercenary as they grow rich. Mrs. Cobb's agency may stand responsible for this change of front in the matter.

Besides, when the condition of affairs in every Southern State is fairly represented by Arkansas, the last report from which shows that the Bureau is feeding 5068 white people to 567 colored, it might safely be assumed that the expense is to be borne rather for the supporters of "My Policy" in the South, than for its opponents.

"What matter?" says the President "It is not for my opponents I care; it is for the black people I have a tender regard—I would save them from the intemperance, the cruelty, the oppression of the radicals and Congress. I would have these people protected, but it must not be by the North, it must be by the civil power of the States wherein they live." "Agreed," cried Congress, and replaced the military Bureau by the Civil Rights. "It will not do, it must be accomplished by the States themselves. 'This is no better,'" responded the President, and returned the bill to their hands. A man once came to the Shiek Abdallah to borrow of his possessions a rope—"I cannot lend it," said the Shiek—"I have broken it to tie up a treasure of land." "A treasure or land impossible!" cried his wondering and incredulous companion. "Oh, friend," replied the Shiek Abdallah, "knowest thou not that any reason is sufficient unto him who does not wish to lend a rope to his neighbor?"

Andrew Johnson's assertion that the freedmen of the South are protected by State law—that the best possible feeling exists between them and their late masters—that the Rebels of the South are more truly their friends than the loyalists of the North—that they are almost on an equal with the whites—that competition enables them to demand and receive their own pay for service rendered—that they have full and free right of locomotion, of contract, and of work,—these assertions, I say, remind one of the story told of a certain Scotch divine, who was troubled by a congregation afflicted by a sort of moral cliquity through which they saw everything crookedly and distorted. One Sabbath morning coming into his pulpit, and opening the Bible, to find his text, his eye singled on the words of the Psalmist, "I said in my haste all men are liars." "I said in my haste all men are liars." "Gin ye'd been here, David ye'd said it at your leisure mon." Reading some State papers, and listening to some politicians, one is very apt to say in one's haste that State papers and politicians are greatly given to lying. Reading these State papers, and listening to this politician, one is very apt to say it at one's leisure.

While these bills were under discussion, every wind that blew from the South was heavy with the sighs and groans of a suffering and wronged humanity; every flash of the wires gave a glimpse of the charnel house of the South, wherein this humanity was being tortured; every report that found its way into a Northern paper was freighted with a record of horrors and abominations inflicted by our enemies on these, our faithful friends and allies. What need to repeat the dismal story of men worked through a season, then driven out with their families to starve; of the children of loving parents torn from

their arms and sides, and bound out from them for years; of Union soldiers shot dead; the wives of Union soldiers dishonored; the orphans of Union soldiers given over by the State without mercy, to the cruelty of their cold-blooded masters; or houses burned, and fields laid waste, and property destroyed, of men and women lashed, paddled, imprisoned for life, and hung for paltry offenses by due process of law; of human beings—citizens of the United States—carried into the open market place, and under the shadow of the Constitutional amendment, sold, enslaved for a term of years, or for life?

"For God's sake," cried the humanity of the nation, "for decency's sake, let us put an end to these abominations!" Congress heard, and answered, "For the sake of the colored people I object," responded the President; "For the sake of morality, for the sake of religion, I forbid this as an effort on the part of the radicals to legalize amalgamation in our midst, to compel white men to marry black women, and the reverse."

I should pass by this whole silly and disgusting argument, if argument it be, in response to the plea for equal civil rights for American citizens, were it only still and disgusting; but it is, in addition, so wicked and abominable, and its results so evil, as to demand the censure and indignation of the world.

It is the old argument—old as sin—confronting just demands by appeals to ignorant brutality and pettifogged prejudice Andrew Johnson knew full well,—no man better—that civil rights have more to do with social equality than his policy has to do with the principles of sound morality and righteous law.

I stand a woman,—disfranchised by the State, incapable of sitting on a jury, or of being tried by a jury of my peers,—ranked by the law with black people, children, and idiots; civilly, immeasurably the inferior of the voter who first helped to make President, and was then made President himself. Civilly, I say, in point of law, I stand immeasurably this man's inferior. Yet I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say, that I do not believe any amount of equal degradation, of civil rights withheld and wrongs inflicted could ever reduce me, or any other respectable woman, to the social level of the man capable of making the speech of the 22d of last February.

Beyond this, Andrew Johnson knows, without the telling, that it was the tumbling down and not the building up process that gave to us a race of mixed blood; that it was the withholding, not the granting of human and civil rights, that worked the dishonoring of the black, and the degradation of the white race in America.

"Negro equality, indeed!" exclaimed Andrew Johnson, on the 24th October, 1864, in the city of Nashville. "Negro equality, indeed!" Why, pass any day along the sidewalks of High Streets, where the great slave-owners more particularly dwell, and you will see as many mulatto as negro children, the former having an unmistakable resemblance to their aristocratic masters.

It is civil wrong, not civil rights; the degradation, not the elevation; the South not the North; the fire-eaters, not the radicals; it is the slavery propagandists and slaveowners of the South; in brief, Andrew Johnson and his friends, not Congress and his enemies who introduced, defended, maintained, and extended the blessing of amalgamation in our midst.

I protest against the President of the United States using the influence of his high office to strengthen a cruel and unrighteous prejudice already existing against a poor and defenseless race. I protest against the Chief Magistrate of a Christian nation pleading for and defending a feeling that finds outlet in cruelties unapproached and six cities unparalleled in the annals of the world. Said the Norfolk (Va.) Post last February—"There has been no such manifestation of joy and jubilation in the South since the route of the Federal army at Bull Run as that infernal ing of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill."

Hear at the same time the Richmond Examiner declare: "To get rid of strife we must get rid of the negro. There is but one alternative. We must reduce the negro to slavery or we must exterminate him." So declaring, it was suppressed by General Grant and restored by the President, of whom it soon after wrote:—"He is our tried and faithful friend, he exerts himself to the utmost of his power in our behalf, he defends our rights, and devotes all his energies to our interests. We are safe."

Then feeling safe, being sure of their friend these men fell tooth and nail upon the hapless victim of their hatred and the President's policy. Every statement, every record, every letter, every speech, every report that has found its way to paper or print, North or South goes to prove that, from the moment the position of the President was fairly and fully understood in the South, the display of cruelty, the persecution of the freedmen has frightfully increased and intensified. I solemnly believe, as I make the tremendous charge that had Andrew Johnson maintained the position he assumed twelve months ago, the massacre of Memphis would have been impossible; that but for the favor he has shown the spirit of caste, rebellion, and slavery, and the insults he has heaped upon the patient and helpless blacks, humanity would not have appalled as it was through those three days of cruelties so abominable and atrocious so hideous that the pen refuses to write, the tongue to speak, or the ear to listen to the tale.

Let us, because I believe I am compelled to say that I would pray for the rocks to fall upon and annihilate me, rather than stand in the place of the President of the United States when the Great Master maketh inquisition for the blood of the slain in the streets of that city of Tennessee. My friends, let us consider this scene well and carefully, for Memphis is but a type of the spectacle the whole South will present if the troops be withdrawn, the civil power re-established, the Rebels enfranchised, the black loyalist disfranchised, the States restored to their old basis, in a word, if the President's policy be established in government. Never could there be a more overwhelming refutation of the President's theory that the ballot would superinduce a war of races and the consequent extermination of the blacks, than in the recent riot at Memphis.

Does any one suppose, if those blacks had a fair opportunity to defend themselves by the ballot, if the authorities and city officials had sought to gain or to lose by some thousands of their votes, that these outrages would have been tolerated for an hour? Self-interest is stronger than hatred. If black votes could hurt them from their places, they would see that the black voters were protected, their friendship gained, and their ballots secured.

All history demonstrates that one human being never is safe in the hands of another. When Emperor Nicholas was told that his character was as good as a Constitution to his people, "Then," said he "I am but a lucky accident," and of a sorry such lucky accidents do not abound in the South. The only security for the welfare of these people, and consequent peace of the republic, is by granting to all its citizens absolute equality before the law, and, as De Toqueville has somewhere said:—"I know of only two methods of establishing equality in the political world. Every citizen must be put in possession of his rights; or rights must be granted to none."

A war of races, forsooth! Why, what is this of which the President talks? The argument was worn threadbare in the service of slavery, by more cunning and subtle talkers than he, before he had acquired even the alphabet of oppression.

A war of races! Does the President remember that black men voted under the Articles of Confederation, and at the ratification of the Constitution in 1789, in every State save South Carolina? that in the Congressional legislation for the Territories, freedom, not color, was the only test of citizenship, up to the year 1812? That it was the boast of Mr. Baizer, of North Carolina, and John Bell, of Tennessee, that they each took their seats in the United States House of Representatives on a majority of black votes. Does the President remember that black men voted in Maryland until 1833. In North Carolina until 1835. In Pennsylvania until 1838. And that in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and some of the Western States, they vote to-day? Has this anywhere superinduced a war of races? The President is fond of declaring that he treads closely in the footsteps of his martyred predecessor. Does he remember what Mr. Lincoln said shortly before his death, in conversation with General Wadsworth, "If I grant universal amnesty I shall create universal suffrage!" Does any one for an instant suppose that our good dead President deposed in his kindly heart the horrors of a war of races thereby? Does the President remember what one Andrew Johnson said in Nashville on the 24th of October, 1864—"Rebellion and slavery shall no longer pollute our State; loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies!" "I speak now as one who feels the world to be his country, and all who love equal rights his friends!"

Did Andrew Johnson plan, when he spoke these noble and heroic words, to entail upon his own State the misery of a war of races? I trow not. I appeal from February and May, 1866, to October, 1864. I appeal from "Philip drunk to Philip sober."

A war of races! Who will begin it